19: Lowie E-5 (1912) 1915 NO6 Comanche NO6
Wind River NQ19
Ute NT19

PREFACE.

From the beginning it had been intended to include those Shoshonean tribes who had been more or less affected by the culture of the Plains in the present survey of the military societies of that area. Accordingly, I devoted a portion of the summer of 1912 to seeking relevant data from the Comanche, Southern Ute, and Wind River Shoshone. The Comanche were visited in the vicinity of Lawton, Oklahoma; the Southern Ute at Navaho Springs and Ignacio, Colorado; the Shoshone at Wind River, Wyoming. In 1914, a brief visit was paid to the Ute of Whiterocks, Uintah Reservation, Utah.

While the information is meager for all of the tribes concerned, I feel reasonably sure that this is largely due to the relative simplicity of Shoshonean culture and that the essential features of the Ute and Wind River dances are correctly represented. I am much less confident as regards the Comanche, who proved poor, and in part very unwilling, informants.

For the pictures of the Bear dance, as well as for innumerable courtesies during my brief stay at Navaho Springs, I feel under deep obligations to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Wagner.

March, 1915.

[p. 805]

[p. 806 is blank]

21: Burnet T-5 (1818-1819) 1[illegible] 1 NO6 Comanche NO6
Texas

(ca. 1818)

the Indian character. The Comanchees manifest their sensibilities by mourning vehemently for the dead. They continue their lamentations stately, morning and evening, for a length of time proportioned to the affinity and the consequence of the deceased. The women shave their heads and scarify themselves with knives or sharp flints, until they are literally covered with blood. Whether they have derived this practice from the discomfited prophets of Baal, (I Kings 18, 28) is for learned antiquarians to determine. The men set too much value on the velvet softness of their tawny skins, to have them scarred and serrated by so unprofitable a custom; but they will sometimes shave their heads, which is also considered a grievous retrenchment of masculine beauty. At each periodical lament, the bereaved relations assemble unitedly to bewail their departed friend. Tears are shed in copious profusion, accompanied by loud and plaintive strains of hideous dissonance, not unlike the howlings of ravening wolves. The goods and chattels of the deceased, including his tent and all its apparatus, are sometimes burnt; and such of his horses and mules as the avarice of the living will relinquish, are killed in order to be transferred to the hunting grounds of Elysium, for the future benefit and behoof of the dead. It was estimated by eye-witnesses, that during the prevalence of the small-pox among them in 1819, when they were swept off, as with the besom of destruction, there were not less than 5000 of these valuable animals immolated in this manner. The mode of conducting their funeral obsequies, I have never witnessed, and believe they sedulously avoid the observation of strangers of these occasions.

[Note. The length of this letter compels us to divide it. The rest will appear next week.]

[*The Cincinnati Literary Gazette*, June 12, 1824]

Letter IV.

[Concluded]

Vanity, certainly, is not peculiar to the Comanchees, but they possess more vanity both national and personal,

30: Levy E-5 (ca. 1957) 1958 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma
Kiowa NQ15

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KIOWA AND COMANCHE: A REPORT
FROM THE FIELD

Jerrold E. Levy*
University of Chicago

Contact and Rapport

C K 123 Physical Factors. The difficulties of the first few months have become routine. Our principal informants let us know which dances and meetings they think we "should" attend as well as those they believe will be of exceptional interest to us (giveaways, etc.). We have come to sense the pace of the lives (for the principal informants) and know which days they are most likely to be at home. The less frequently visited informants still pose problems but the earlier C K 122 frustrations have gone. It was an exceptionally hot summer, and now it is an exceptionally cold and stormy winter. Our suspicion is that the weather will continue to be "exceptional" and difficult. The panel truck has proven itself to be an excellent all purpose vehicle. It negotiates muddy roads and rough terrain in general and with the back fixed up with a writing table and camping equipment it serves as a portable field station. Its pushing abilities are well liked by the informants in bad weather. The disadvantage of course is the rapid depreciation. For what they are worth I have the following observations on cars in this terrain; most automatic transmission cars are difficult on muddy roads and icy paved roads. The Volkswagon is excellent on these roads and is an economy car as well with a good resale value. But a traveling family is a bit cramped in it.

C K 124 Rapport. One important lesson has been learned which necessitates a correction in the first report. Once a respected and reliable informant is found, believe what he tells you. It is usually true K even though it sounds fantastic. In the last report I mentioned that

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C K 144 *Mr. Levy has been a student at the University of Chicago for four years. He has an M.A. in Oriental Languages (Hebrew and Old Testament) and an M.A. in Anthropology.

/page 30 continued/

K one informant told me that he had seen the ghost dance performed
124 several times by the Kiowas when he was about fifteen years old. As
535 he is only sixty-two or three now and the books say that the ghost dance stopped in 1891, I thought that this story was slightly exaggerated. I found an answer to it which also explained why the informants disclaimed any knowledge of cradle boards etc. pushing such things back into the old days. I felt that Devereaux's time warping was at work here. Well after checking a little I found that in spite of a government ban, the Kiowas danced the Ghost dance as a social dance
C at least up to the First World War. Moreover, in time, the informants
K did tell us more and more about the child rearing practices etc. that
123 they "did not remember." It took time, we found, because they were
124 reluctant to admit to whites that any so called "savage" practices
C had ever been known to them at all. Other stories which seemed equally
K fantastic have also turned out to be correct upon cross examination
124 and verification from outside sources.

C /31/With two families we have made most satisfactory and happy
K friendships. But close friendships have their drawbacks. There is
129 an ever increasing involvement in the domestic and political problems of the group and it is a most arduous task keeping oneself from entering into the tangle with gusto.

C The Kiowas seem to be far more amenable to acting as informants
K than do the Comanches. This is perhaps because the Comanches I know
123 have either served as informants before or have been close friends of
124 older men who have been informants in the past. The very man who has brought me into the group as his "friend" and has introduced me to peyote and with whom we have the closest of relationships is the most reluctant to become known as an informant and to work in a formal manner as such.

C My job as curator has become a double edged blade. As time
K has passed it turns out that the people in the historical society and
123 Lawton in general are disliked heartily. They are willing to help me

/page 31 continued/

C K 129 personally but not the society. As the job takes more and more time it also begins to cut into my field time to a rather dangerous extent. So what started out as seemingly an asset has rapidly become the millstone around the neck.

C K 123 122 Our decampment from Lawton to the little hill town of Medicine Park has done much to offset my identification with Lawton. Informants are happy to visit with us in Medicine Park but would not do so when we were in Lawton. We have been able to keep up continuous contact with two families, fairly good contact with two others, and then there are various older people that our introductions take us to see for specific information. It is not easy to keep good contacts with a representative cross section due to the fact that our major introductions come from just two families. While neither family cares who we consort with in the other tribe they are a little careful to see that we deal with approved people in their own tribe. Ergo we know the Kiowa Christians and the Comanche peyotists which is something of an unequal situation for good comparisons.

C K 124 129

Kinship Organization and Behavior, Settlement Patterns and Mobility

C K 601 198 602 While it is possible to trace the breakdown of the tribal and band organization and the traditional authority of the chiefs etc., it is, so far, almost impossible to gauge changes in the kinship organization. The work done in this area, however, has pointed out some differences between the Comanches and Kiowas. Unfortunately, no firm conclusions may be reached without statistical evidence which is not forthcoming.

C K 592 K 361 592 Since the settlement on individual allotments, the Comanches and Kiowas have taken the great step toward living as nuclear families. As far as I can determine, the Kiowas still live in such a manner that the members of the extended family have allotments fairly close together. Most of the Rowell, Quetone, and Horse families are located to the north of Meers. The Rowell family alone, including half siblings, is settled along the Meers to Porter Hill road. There are, of

30: Levy E-5 (ca. 1957) 1958 NO6 Comanche NO6
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Peyote

C K 123 Since my last report I have been able to attend one Peyote meeting and have been invited to several others which await the arrival of more clement weather. The fact that I have been to a meeting has made Peyotists more willing to discuss with me their C K 121 feelings concerning their religion. I have been interested in three questions: The present functions of the religion and its relations to other areas of life; the changes in the religion since its inception; and the relation of Peyote to earlier religious patterns. C K [123] [124] Due to the fact that I have not yet been able to observe a number of meetings at first hand I have to rely heavily on the statements of my informants.

In the minds of the Peyotists, their religion is and has C K 798 been a persecuted one. During the formative years it was attacked by the medicine men as being too White, by the Christian Indians and C K [186] the Whites as being heathen and backward. Today it is attacked by the Christians of both races as a backward cult and is regarded by the Peyotists themselves as the last area of truly Indian values and ways that is left.

C K 795 798 [178] Peyote never denied the older forms of power. It merely attempted to devise a new power which would be more effective in coping with the depressing conditions of the reservation period. What may be observed today among the Comanches is a transformation of the older forms rather than a break with them. A review of the C K 795 177 history of the religion leads me to believe in the possibility for a new interpretation of the "Christian" elements in Peyote. This shall only be done superficially in the report.

/39/Other writers have listed the traits of the cult which correspond with older forms of worship and have shown the new combinations which have been achieved in peyote. It is only important to

/page 43 continued/

C K 829 177 Indians, both Christians and Peyotists believe themselves superior to the Whites. Their meek and agreeable role is a mask which is dropped the moment the Whites are out of sight. They take satisfaction in the success of their deception, in the gullibility of the Whites. They manipulate the Whites and further prove their superiority. But this is probably not enough to supply adequate satisfaction, there is a future date at which the tables will be turned. It is in this realm that both Christianity and Peyote perform an almost identical function.

C K 795 771 [829] Because aggression is denied to both Christians and Peyotists alike, the non-aggression principles of the two faiths may be followed and the Indians feel that they are true to their faith while the White man is not. This will of course alleviate any guilt feelings due to suppressed aggression. But if the White man sins and the Indian does not then there is justice for the Christian in heaven and for both faiths, justice in the judgement day. The Peyotists' judgement day may be one trait taken bodily from Christian doctrine in tact. The descriptions I have had given me by Peyotists bode no good for Whites, and toned down as they are for my ears, the tone of voice is just a little unnerving. Moreover, Peyotists take every opportunity to mention this coming of the end to me in ominous tones and say that they are sure I get the point. Peyote symbolism has clothed the judgement day in Peyote clothes. During a normal ceremony the eagle bone whistle is blown within the tipi towards the east (passing out through the entrance). At the day of judgement the procedure will be reversed. The whistle (like Gabriel's horn I am told) will blow outside the tipi from the east toward the west. It will pass through the tipi passing out the rear of the tipi. The description of the strength and tone of that whistle is quite eerie. I have not been able to get many statements on the subject from Christians but only hints here and there.

C K [129] C K 798 795 533 829

/page 43 continued/

In short, both religions seem to function in a similar manner in alleviating the pressures of the persecuted group. As far as I am able to determine the inroads made by the Whites and the constant pressures upon the Indians color if they do not determine most areas of an individual's life. But it is just in this field that I am ill-equipped to operate due to my own color.

Returning now to the theoretical considerations mentioned at the outset, I think it is safe to say that they have been helpful in providing a means or point of view for examining the data. The result has been that the basic tensions of assimilationist versus traditionalist do not seem to be the major elements in the development of the areas of life examined so far. In so far as this split was once important it might be profitable to do some historical work concerning the changes that have been consummated during the past fifty years.

/44/In satisfying Malinowskian criteria necessary for determining the changing functions of traits and trait complexes it is clear that much more must be known about the White culture of the area. It is not clear that this is a feasible task. The major lines of White aggression via government agencies and policies are not inaccessible. But the everyday pressures are perhaps as important and these stem from a fundamentalist Christian community which is totally foreign to me.

At present the most valuable tack would seem to be a view which would examine present phenomena as reactions to White pressures but which are consistant with the older form of Comanche culture. Historical periods may then be examined separately. Just what sort of model will prove sufficient I cannot tell at this time.

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
Oklahoma

121 doctor. Ethnographic materials and popular materials on the colorful Comanche raiders are available, but very little has been previously recorded on the institution of the Comanche traditional doctor.

123 Jones was able to obtain his excellent data as the adopted son of Sanapia. As he explains, this close association had disadvantages as well as advantages. It was assumed, for example, that as Sanapia's son, the author would automatically know many of the obvious aspects of the doctor's role. Furthermore, the role of "Young Son" carried with it a series of complex, reciprocal role relations.

128 The reader is given intimate details concerning Sanapia's training, which was lengthy and complex. After the final rituals involved in receiving the Power necessary for an Eagle doctor, Sanapia had to be passed on separately by four different instructors.

One unique chapter is devoted to the detailed preparation of herbal medicines and methods of administering them. The illnesses treated ranged from heart pain, pneumonia, and paralysis to exzema and loss of appetite.

158 Since Sanapia spent a great deal of time treating "ghost-sickness," the [128] author explains the meaning of the concept and describes the symptoms and treatment. Jones analyzes the psychogenic roots of this disease, considered by the Comanche to be peculiar to the "Indian." The author believes the malady may be viewed as a conversion reaction related to unmanageable psychic stresses.

756 The author attributes Sanapia's success as an Eagle doctor to the fact that 153 she was able to adapt quickly to the changes taking place in Comanche culture. This process of adaptation was simplified for Sanapia as her own home environment had required that she adjust to three disparate religious systems—the Christianity of her father, the Peyotism of her uncle and paternal grandfather, and the Plains Indian pattern of vision quests and guardian spirit represented by her mother, the Eagle doctor.

000 Upon completing the reading of the detailed study of Sanapia's training and role behaviors, the reader feels that he knows Sanapia more intimately than do her own peers.

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Portola Valley, Calif.

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121 ongoing acculturation, or when they are in real or imagined conflict with similar institutions in the culture in dominance, they become even more elusive to the
123 ethnographer. For example, Sanapia's initial resistance to converse on the subject of native doctoring practices was based on her fear of ridicule and her belief that information which she gave this investigator could make her liable to arrest for practicing medicine without a license.

My first experience with other Comanche informants on the subject of Comanche native doctors was similar. Though many were fonts of knowledge on practically any subject touched upon in the preliminaries of an interview, my questions concerning even such an inoffensive subject as the existence of living native doctors were met with terse denials. It was only after establishing a socially visible rapport with Sanapia that I found the first resistance on this subject to subside. I was then able to obtain information from certain informants who had been Sanapia's patients or who at least had some comments to offer on the subject of Sanapia, native doctors, or supernaturalism in general.

755 The term "medicine," when used by Sanapia, refers specifically to material items which are a necessary part of her activities when she is involved in manipulating or directing her personal *puha*, or supernatural power. *Puha* is equivalent to the terms "Medicine" and "power." Sanapia uses the term "doctoring" to mean any kind of action by a *puhakut*, or one who possesses an extraordinary degree of supernatural power, which is concerned with the direction of Medicine at another for purposes of good or evil.

121 Because of the dearth of material on Comanche culture, I have but a minimal amount of very general information with which to compare the sometimes highly detailed data obtained from Sanapia on the intricacies of her profession. With comparative literary precedent lacking on this specific subject and in the absence of other doctors similar in kind to Sanapia, this study must be considered as a discussion of the "Medicine way" of *a* Comanche Medicine woman. Generalizations on certain Comanche supernaturalistic notions will be made only when a number of informants have been in acceptable accord. It should be noted that even if there existed a more complete literature on Comanche doctors, and if there existed at present Medicine women with which to compare Sanapia, generic statements on the subject would still be artificial and tenuous, given the great degree of latitude granted the individual doctor in the details of the performance of his role and the individualistic bent of Comanche personality in general (Wallace and Hoebel 1952:155; Kardiner 1945:81).

The bias of the ethnographer is always a crucial element in determining the outcome of his field research and the conclusions which he will draw from such experience. I refer to personal bias, partiality, inclination, or prejudice not specifically concerned with a field problem. Of course, it is ideally desirable that the field researcher have as little bias as possible, but he will necessarily possess a certain way of viewing given situations and individuals and, whether he desires to or not, he will judge them. Both for the ethnographer's sake and for the sake of his reader in evaluating his product, I feel that the researcher should attempt to make as explicit as possible the particular manner in which he viewed his subjects, any partiality he experienced, and the manner in which he feels he was accepted by his subjects. Especially with a book of this kind, this is

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necessary since so much of the material upon which this study was based came from a single informant. The particular relationship which I experienced with Sanapia doubtless colored the kinds of information which I obtained from her.

There was both an age and a sex difference between Sanapia and me, besides the obvious cultural differences. The rapidity with which she adopted me into her household was as cumbersome as it was helpful, for by this stroke I lost many of the advantages which formalized interviewing can lend, while gaining the advantages of confidences and a relative invisibility. She adopted me as her son and in so doing promoted an imbalance in our relationship in which she was in the position to demand more of me than I was of her. This relationship gave me the opportunity to gather much information concerning her attitudes and sentiments relating to her self-concept and her view of herself in relation to Comanche society as a whole, while it was more difficult to gather those kinds of data dealing with the more overt and obvious aspects of her role. She seemed to feel that by the simple fact of adopting me I would know all the necessary premises, and she would react irritably when I would question her on those subjects about which she felt I already knew. Also, by being classified as a "young son," *tsiβitsi*, I was expected to interact more with her sons, grandson, and nephews and to maintain a respect–distance from Sanapia.

The sex difference was not as important as the age difference since Sanapia,

Sanapia and the author.

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123 562 being a *puhakut*, considered herself equal to a male. However, I did notice that females who interviewed Sanapia were able to gather information of a much different nature than I was able to obtain. The differences were not crucial, but mainly differences of tone and level. Because of the social position in which she felt herself to be, she tended to "talk down" to females, while she would converse with me as a social equal.

123 The fact that I was so closely associated with Sanapia and her family also tended to affect my relationship with other Comanches. I was not reacted to as a harmless and innocuous outsider. I was Sanapia's "friend" or "son." Consequently, Sanapia's sympathizers would be overly gracious in discussions, while her enemies would be unduly harsh. It was often difficult to retain control in an interview. This entire situation was aggravated because Sanapia, perhaps because of her role as a *puhakut*, was more apt to draw an emotional rather than a rational reaction.

Naturally, because of my close association with the northern bands, I was found highly suspect by the southern Comanche bands. I must admit that I had less personal sympathy for the southern band members, possibly because of my initial enculturation by the northerners. This may have made me more susceptible to identify the cleavage in Comanche society between northern and southern "tribes." I attempted to guard my emotions in this area by establishing historical roots for the divisions in Comanche society and by offering rationalizations for my major use of northern informants. The bulk of my data comes from *Yapai* and *Kwahada* band members; for the most part, these are the Comanches of whom I speak.

Sanapia is approaching the last days of her career as doctor and is beginning to prepare for the training of her successor. She views this study as the book of her Medicine way and feels that if she should die before she is able to complete the training of her successor, this book will act to complete the training.

> I'm going to give him [Sanapia's grandson] all that. He might not keep it up, but he'll have those medicines to work with. I'm going to make him understand too. You [referring to the author] got to write down all those medicines what I tell you . . . write it on a book and keep it until he gets old enough. If I'm still living two or three years, well, if I pass away then you could just tell him that . . . just give him what you taking down.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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883 177 ingly remembered none of the white man's ways. And they seemed to have forgotten the old tribal ways as well.

[291] In my thinking, I found it convenient to put the women and girls 562 191 in yet another group. One of the first things I learned was the taboo which prevented women and girls from talking to men, Indians or white, other than their own menfolks, excepting on the most necessary [123] occasions. Because of this I never addressed them unless they spoke to me.

124 [123] I was consciously making every effort to learn as much of the language as I could, and in time I was able to catch on quickly to what the men were talking about and to follow their conversation. [198] But the women seemed to have a vocabulary of their own. I would often listen to a group of women talking in the store, or out in the camp, but I could distinguish only an occasional word.

657 871 Those who conceived of educating the Indian youths also conceived the idea that the educating must be done in faraway places, and little has been done through the years to change the practice. [171] Even as I type this article, several hundred Indian children from New Mexico, Arizona, and other western states are attending Chilocco Indian School in northern Oklahoma.

657 871 177 While in Carlisle or other Indian boarding schools, Indian children had slept in clean beds with sheets changed every week. They had sat in chairs at a table with a clean tablecloth and had eaten food served from clean dishes. They had been taught the use of the knife, fork, 178 and spoon. But when the Indian boy arrived home for good, he had only his parents' camp to go to. Though the Comanche families were living on their allotments, they continued to live a camp life, much the same as they had lived the previous twenty-five years as Reservation Indians.

352 24 In this camp our Carlisle graduate sat on the ground, or a log, or a goods box. He ate his food from a pie tin and was served directly from the kettle in which the food had been cooked. If a boy was lucky, he had a fork and spoon to go along with his pocketknife as eating utensils.

513 [342] Spring, summer, and fall they all slept in the brush arbor on platforms and under seldom-washed cotton blankets. When the northers became blue and came with regularity, they slept in conventional tents, either on the ground or on low platforms constructed with 342 poles. Once in a while, as I rode on my collection trips, I would see a

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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ents were, the teachers continued to accent the differences between the parents' behavior and what would be expected of the children when they left school. Dinning this into the children's ears for a dozen years or so without further plans for the future, the teachers sent them back to these same parents. Pride of parentage, pride of tribe, pride of language had been either destroyed or so badly weakened and eroded that the young Indian had nothing to step from with confidence.

Instead of seeking to make a place for himself, aiding his parents and tribe by using his training and education, the Carlisle Indian moved into his parents' camp. There, without self-respect and certainly with no hope for betterment lying ahead, he contented himself with living on his meager Grass Money and what lease money his allotment brought in, when and if it was rented.

At that time an agriculture lease brought in only $1.25 per acre or $200 per year. In addition to the $200, the government required the lessee, as further compensation over the first five-year period, to fence the allotment with a four-wire fence with posts every rod, to break out a certain number of acres of sod for crops, to build a fourteen by twenty-eight box house with a shingle roof, and to dig and wall up a well at least forty feet deep, unless plentiful water was found at a lesser depth. Grass leases brought even less.

Land along the streams had been chosen by the Comanches for their allotments, and this gave them a monopoly on water, wood, and bottomland. Those with land along West Cache and Post Oak creeks also had a fine grade of sand to sell. These 160-acre tracts, one for each man, woman, and child living on a certain date in 1901, were the remnant of the millions of acres these Indians' forefathers had roamed over and ruled for many, many centuries.

No one expected the old ones to change their ways so radically as to try to learn to farm. But it was beyond my boyish understanding why the younger Indians fresh from school, some even with college rating, didn't try farming. Many of them had first class sandy-loam bottomland. They could look around them and see white families making a living on their upland farms, putting out orchards, and even adding a room to their houses now and then.

I discovered in time that a number of the old fellows were really going out of their way to be nice to me, and in lost pup fashion I responded. I thought little of it at the time, and took these friendships in my stride. Maybe I thought of them as my due. It wasn't

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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until years later, after I had gone away to college myself, that I tried to analyze the reasons for the old fellows' interest in me.

One conclusion I reached was that because of my size and what they saw me doing, they had thought of me as being older than I actually was. I was as tall as I am now and weighed a muscular 180 pounds. My parents were expecting a man's work from me, and they saw to it that I kept busy. In my skills, I could do a man's work and was doing it, though I was carrying around on my large body only a fourteen-year-old head and, of course, a like amount of experience.

While we were getting the store into operation, Dad hired the team and me out several days to haul rock for the new school's foundation. Then, to have some spending money, I hired myself out to a farmer to break prairie sod—driving one of his teams. I hauled freight for the store, waited on the trade, and, after Dad bought a relinquishment, did the necessary farm work on the claim. When I had leisure I fished and hunted. These old fellows often saw me five or more miles from town, and to the horse-minded Comanches that was an unheard-of distance for anyone to walk.

This continuous activity of mine must have contrasted bitterly with the inertness of their own offspring. And one other possibility occurred to me. Almost all the older Comanches drank hard liquor, when the opportunity was present, but they had great respect for any white man who abstained.

Here was a man who could obtain whiskey at any time and yet didn't drink. It meant something special to them. In their book I was a Jesus Man. Apparently they could conceive of no other reason for abstention. This thinking possibly related to the missionaries, sent out by churches in the East, who were the only white men they had come in contact with who didn't drink.

One Carlisle man who found a beneficial and happy use for his education was Charley Ross. He must have been one of the very first Comanches sent to Carlisle after the surrender in 1876. A happy, outgoing chap, he made a life's work of smoothing the way between the white man and the older Indians. I saw him often and knew him quite well while Dad had his trading store. Once I saw him interpreting a sermon at an Indian camp meeting. After I started to practice law in Oklahoma City, I saw him acting as an interpreter in court trials, and once in a legislative committee hearing. He was always available when his people needed him.

32: Gilles O,X-3 (1902-c.1910) 1974
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One afternoon in the late 1930s I drove into the little town of Faxon on business for a client. When I got out of the car, I was face to face with Charley Ross. It had been long since I had talked with him, and my happiness at meeting him appeared to be matched by his at seeing me. For a Plains Indian he was truly an old man—somewhere in his seventies. We sat down on the running board of the car, and dusk found us still sitting there. I had forgotten I had a client, and Charley had forgotten that the daughter with whom he lived would be worried about his being out in the raw, chilly evening air.

I had it in mind to ask him many questions about himself, other questions about old Comanche friends of whom I had lost track, and yet other questions about Comanches in general. But he too had questions, and insistent ones. He knew I had become a lawyer, of course, but mostly he wanted to know about my children—for what place in life they had fitted themselves.

When he learned that my oldest son was already a lawyer and the younger son was preparing for law school, he grinned with pleasure. My father was the first magistrate appointed after the opening, and his jurisdiction had stretched for twenty or more miles in any direction. To Charley that meant Dad had been learned in the law. Then I had followed in the law profession, and now two sons were following me. To Charley, this progression was wonderful.

He was equally pleased to match up my daughters with his. My oldest was on the faculty of a small college, and the younger was teaching in a high school. Both his daughters were teachers and had married teachers.

Another Carlisle product who launched himself into the white man's life stream and kept himself afloat was one of Quanah Parker's sons. But then, he had a motive. He was in love.

Chief Quanah Parker's house was about three miles from the little town of Cache, Oklahoma. Some Texas cattlemen had settled him in a kind of apartment house just south of the Wichita Mountains, where West Cache Creek breaks out into the prairie. He was recognized by the government as chief of the Comanches. Like all the older Indians married to more than one wife, he had been allowed to keep his four or five remaining wives. One son was a Methodist minister, one daughter was married to a minister, and two other daughters married well-to-do white men.

The father of the Carlisle son's sweetheart had been a missionary

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slough and at some distance from the arbor. Brooms made from the native broom weeds tied tightly to a stick handle, brush end down, were used to sweep the arbor and cooking area scrupulously clean; and there were surprisingly few flies around the arbor. Generally shade was available, and the eating was done under the trees, away from the arbor. Wood, of course, was the fuel for the campfire.

When the time came for the really bad weather of fall, tents were pitched. Some families still had tepee poles and canvas covering for them. The buffalo-hide coverings had been gone for a long time when I arrived on the scene. The tents and tepees, together with the house, supplied the shelter needed in truly bad weather.

I have been in and around camps many times, and on occasion have even found it necessary to stay for the night. I watched the division of labor, seeking to find a clue as to who bossed whom. I never arrived at any satisfactory answers. Apparently the husband kept hands off, and the cooking area may have been out of bounds for him. At least, he stayed clear until the call for food. I never saw any of the women seek advice from the husband while the preparation of the meal was in progress.

There were exceptions, but at the home camp the husband usually corralled the horses and roped the ones to be used. Generally one of the women would come and help him harness or saddle up. Apparently the same wife helped with the horses each time. I was never aware of an order being given. When a family was in camp on the reservation for its Grass Money, the husband ordinarily cared for the horses.

At the home camp, one or two of the squaws would take a team and the wagon into the woods for the camp's wood supply. The squaws selected the down timber and chopped it into small enough pieces so that they could load it on the wagon to be hauled to camp. In one family group, this task was permanently assigned to a wife who had been so indiscreet as to give birth to a white baby. (The displeasure was not, however, visited upon the child. Not only was it treated just the same as the other children, but at times I was inclined to think it was actually the husband's favorite.)

I never saw anything to indicate that the first or oldest wife was necessarily the favorite one, nor was I able to tell which one of the women established the division of labor. A more trained observer than I might have secured more accurate information. In any event, of these things I am sure: there was a division of labor, and each wife

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out bows or canvas and with only one outrider, turned into the street from the southeast trail. With the pony teams at a brisk trot the miniature lumber wagons rattled and bumped toward me over the rough frozen ground.

Ours was the farthest store west, with only a wagon yard beyond. Deciding that the wagons were heading for our store, I waited to see who was in them. Looking into the early morning as I was, I couldn't tell. When they were about a half-block away they came out of the sun's rays, and I saw it was the Charley Ross family and the family of his brother-in-law To-pet-chy, with Charley Ross riding horseback. Then the women and children in the wagons began smiling and shouting, *"Hi-hites Para-da-de-a! Hi-hites Para-da-de-a!"* They were looking right at me.

The Comanche country had been our home—Dad's, Mother's, and mine—for about seven months. I had been trying desperately to learn a Comanche vocabulary sufficient for use in the store Dad had started, and as much as possible about the different Indian families living in our trade territory. Both of these families had been trading at the store. Charley Ross seemed to be one of the very few educated Indians who would talk readily with white people. He was several years older than the other Indians who had been away to school.

The women drivers turned their pony teams in to our hitchrack; but instead of getting out, they sat there smiling and shouting, along with the children, *"Hi-hites Para-da-de-a!"* Charley swung down from his saddle, left his horse ground hitched, and, smiling, came up to me and put a hand on either shoulder. "Know what the women and children are saying?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I know *hi-hites*. It's a sort of hello, but a hello you only say to a friend."

"They are saying your new name. Your Comanche name. *Para-da-de-a*. Means Big Boy."

This sudden honor—I realized it was an honor—left me tongue-tied with embarrassment. Charley saved the day for me by continuing, "The Comanches like the way you treat them when they come into the store. They like the way you live. They want you to have a Comanche name. Then other Indians, Indians who don't know you, will know you are to be trusted, because your Comanche friends give you a Comanche name."

This is how it happened that Charley Ross became my friend, in-

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123 stead of just another Indian customer of the store. He was to live thirty-eight more years, and the friendship beginning that day continued to the end. Often there was a stretch of years between our meetings, but when we did meet we made up for lost time. And over the years I came to know him as the man who, I believe, did more to bring about an amicable relationship between our two races than any other man, Indian or white.

551 The Comanche Agency roll gives Che-appy (pronounced Ce-Pa, with a soft C and the accent on the first syllable), the Indian name under which Charley Ross was listed, the birth year of 1863. This means that in 1875, when the roll was compiled, a government clerk considered that he appeared to be twelve years old. His father's name 736 is given as To-wa, and his mother's as Wer-e-kah. No birth years are given for either the father or the mother, nor is there any record of their death. But four or five years later Che-appy is listed as an orphan, and he may well have been an orphan at the time of his enrollment. This means that his father left no surviving brother or blood [597] brother. Had there been such an uncle, Che-appy would have become his son, and thus not an orphan. As to the manner of the father's death, we know only that Charley Ross's daughter Ida (now Mrs. Phil Cato of Riverside, California) is sure that her grandfather was not killed while fighting.

131 Che-appy was born during the last years of the Comanche empire, Comanchería, which stretched from the Arkansas River to the north and the Cross Timbers to the east to the varying southern and western boundaries formed by the range of the southern herd of buffalo, 726 whose guardians the Comanches considered themselves to be. Nothing 648 is definitely known of his early childhood, but it is probable that he was held prisoner, as were most Comanche women and children, during the all-out effort of the Army to subdue the Comanches following the battle of Adobe Walls and until the final surrender in 1875. While this relentless warfare was being waged against the Comanche, on an around-the-clock basis, twelve months of the year, with at times as many as five columns of troops in the field, every horse and mule belonging to the Indians was shot and killed as soon as it was captured, to prevent its recapture. Following the engagement at Palo Duro Canyon, the Army slaughtered 1,400 head of Comanche horses and mules. Then, when the Army wanted to move the captured women and children to the reservation, it had no transportation for

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to chickens for frying, and there were few chickens in the country. 136

Even the great multitude of new tasks was soul-inspiring. I went 000 ahead with the freight wagons to the little inland town later to be known as Faxon, near where the present town of Faxon, Oklahoma, is. There was the freighting of lumber for the trading store my father planned to establish, the erection of the store building, and the freighting of the merchandise. I was clerking in the store, seeing all the new faces, continually meeting new people, and learning new names.

But none of these wonders was equal to seeing, meeting, and know- 123 ing the Comanche Indians. This was especially true when I sensed that one group of the Indians was inclined to be especially friendly toward me, and they made me feel that I was, in effect, one of them. This group was made up of the older men—the warrior group. They ranged in age from the late forties upward. I remember that in my mind I classed most of them as being in their fifties. Men obviously sixty and over were very scarce.

Since apparently all primitive people are attracted by large men, it may well be that my size helped me with my Comanche friendships. In my fifteenth year I largely had my growth. I was bigger than most men, and my muscles were well developed. Within my skills, I could do a man's work, and did. I continued to grow some until I was sixteen and was actually taller than I am now. I knew only three old Comanches that were taller than I. Quanah Parker and Comanche Jack were two of them.

I was properly thrilled. Here was living history. Here were men that had ridden the war trails to the bitter end: Adobe Walls, Palo Duro Canyon, the retreat to the Big Springs Mountains, and then the surrender at Fort Sill in June, 1875.

I had nothing in common with the teenagers near my age. They didn't work, fish, or hunt, as I did. There was no common meeting ground. What I called the Carlisle group, the older young people who had been to the Pennsylvania school and were much better educated than I, by and large ignored me. I have thought since that perhaps they were a trifle jealous of the attention the old fellows gave me. There was a conscious emotional gap between these educated Indians and the old fellows.

Soon after I arrived, an old squaw man gave me some very valu- 123 able information and advice. It summed up about like this: "If a white 609 man wants to gain the friendship and respect of the Comanche, he 562

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must stay completely apart from the Comanche women and girls." He explained it this way. Comanche women are supposed to have no communications, other than the most necessary, with menfolks other than their own, and this applied with extra force to white men. Comanche men held their women to strict account as to their conduct, and a white man could cause a Comanche woman serious trouble, unawares, should he try to be friendly. I lived up to this rule in every respect. Then, in addition, I naturally extended to all Indian women and girls every courtesy I had been taught to extend to women of my own race. This, too, could have had some bearing.

I could not help but notice Mo-cho-rook. He was a standout in every way. To start with, he was obviously the oldest of the old Indians. He was noticeably smaller than any of the other Indian men. And what was even more obvious, he had at this time only one wife. And of all the old fellows, he had by far the youngest wife and the youngest child. He was completely antisocial. I not only never gleaned a smile, but I never even drew a grunt from him, in the five plus years that I knew him.

On the top of all this, he had about the meanest look, and the cruelest eyes, I have ever seen on a human. I was later to know Geronimo, who was being held as a prisoner of war at Fort Sill. If anyone could have run Mo-cho-rook even a close second for looking mean and cruel, it would have been Geronimo.

The only time he ever came inside the store was when he needed smoking tobacco. He would have his nickel ready in his hand, would point to the Bull Durham, and when I handed him the tobacco, he would hand me the nickel. My fattest smile never brought a change in his expression. Once he had his tobacco, he would return outside. I never knew him to stay in out of even the most inclement weather.

I soon sorted out his wife. She was a young, large-limbed girl, with the true Comanche copper color. She had a baby boy, around a year old. He was old enough to be out of the cradle board, but that first summer he was not walking as yet. He was a healthy-looking little chap and, like all Indian babies, well behaved. I was later to learn that this child was the only one ever born to Mo-cho-rook by any of the numerous wives he had had. His squaw nearly always stayed in our store until they were ready to go home, and she bought all their supplies. He was one of the few Indians who never found it necessary to run an account until Grass Money time.

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to them tobacco was a gift from the great spirit. What I had witnessed could be considered in the nature of a prayer or communion—perhaps you could apply the word *sacrament* to it.

I made a number of plans to observe these incidents more thoroughly, but none materialized. One was to count the number of puffs each took from the cigarette, and another was to find out who furnished Old Warrior his whiskey. The trouble was that I could only watch Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior between the chores which needed to be done around the store. Late customers had to be waited upon; the team of little Spanish driving mules had to be hitched up for our trip to the claim, when we could finally close the store; occasionally there were letters to be mailed, so they would be sure to leave on the early morning mail hack for Lawton. These necessary duties made my watching a hit-and-miss activity.

Mr. and Mrs. Old Warrior's ritual extended to the drinking of whiskey. The bottle was always kept out of sight. When Old Warrior had the bottle opened, Mrs. Warrior held up part of her blanket over one arm in front of her husband, hiding him while he had his drink. When it was Mrs. Warrior's turn, he held up his blanket to shield her.

After the bottle passed back and forth a few times, the old couple headed for home. But they never left the bottle, so I assumed they kept some for the road. Their departure would leave me with a number of things to wonder about.

I wondered if they would make it home safely, if the little mare was trained to wait in case they went to sleep and fell off. If the weather was inclement, I worried about the two elderly people catching cold. Also, I wondered what their three Carlisle-educated children, two sons and a daughter, thought of their parents' late hours.

The old people's confidence in the little chubby mare was not misplaced. They survived each trip. I imagine Old Warrior and his wife felt they had been very discreet while in town, and that none of the white people had the slightest idea they had purchased whiskey.

I once heard a story at a Comanche gathering that may explain the care Old Warrior and his wife exercised when on whiskey trips. An old fellow told of having the record books of the old Deyo Mission. They had been left with his father, Ho-var-ith-kh, for safekeeping.

After telling of the formation of the first congregation, he turned to me and said laughingly, "You knew Old Warrior? Well, once Old

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CA-VO-YO, GIVER OF NAMES

I NEVER KNEW but one of the old Comanches that carried the distinction of being a Name-Giver. He was Ca-vo-yo. When the Comanche roll was made out, soon after the surrender in 1876, he was given the birth year of 1840. That only meant the government clerk figured he looked to be thirty-six years old. I remember that when I finally sorted him out as an individual, I judged him to be about the age of my father, a Civil War veteran crowding seventy.

I must have seen Ca-vo-yo first in March, 1902, but then he was one of a large number of older Comanches, whom I termed, for my own convenience, the "old fellows." That meant to me that they were old enough to have been warriors who probably had fought at the battle of Adobe Walls and been present when the surrender took place at Fort Sill.

In due time most of the old fellows became individuals to me. I learned their names, where their camps were located, the number of wives each had, if any, and their dispositions toward the white man; and being a trader's son, I learned of their bill-paying reliability, in the event credit was extended to them between Grass Money payments. If a trader extended credit, he needed to know all the wives by name and keep a record of what each wife purchased, though he charged the total bill to the husband.

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423 657 principal agent was at Anadarko, but for a time sub-agents were maintained at both Fort Sill and Cache. One of Quanah Parker's daughters, Laura Neda, married A. C. Birdsong, an agent at Cache. The actual Comanche Reservation period ended in 1901, when the members of the tribe took individual allotments.

123 In 1907 I quit working at the store and went away to school. I visited my parents from time to time and often saw some of my Indian friends in town during these visits. But I never saw Wer-que-yah again until late in the fall of 1919. He farmed some of his Post Oak Creek bottomland and had grain for his beloved horses in the winter. The day I saw him, he was selling a wagonload of husked yellow corn. The Record Book shows that he died the following September. Peet-So survived him by twenty years.

123 609 Some years after his death, my mother told me of a visit he and Peet-So made to her and Dad's home. He had heard of my marriage and that we had a boy baby. He was able to make Mother understand that they wanted to see a picture of my baby.

Mother invited them in. Wer-que-yah and Peet-so sat together, and Mother said they oohed and ahed as though it had been a picture of one of their own grandsons whom they had never seen. It was shortly after the noon hour, and, learning that they hadn't eaten, Mother prepared them a meal. After they left, she was unable to find the photo. Apparently they considered it a gift. They may even have asked for it.

609 About ten years ago I was told yet another story. Glenn Hagar, a druggist at Chattanooga, was the teller of the tale. His father's farm was near the Wer-que-yah home. On days when they were not needed on the farm, he and his older brother often went to the Indian's home and played with his younger sons.

There were trees to climb, Post Oak Creek to wade and swim in, fish to be caught, and cool, clear spring water to drink. There were none of these things on their father's prairie farm.

Mr. Hagar's father's people lived just west of the present town of Faxon. His father's half-sister became seriously ill with typhoid fever. There were serious doubts as to whether she would recover. One morning, while the parents were waiting for the doctor to arrive, Wer-que-yah drove into their yard.

Tying his team, he came to the house and asked about the little